

# On This Twelfth Day Of Christmas

A Gift of Poems  
by  
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PAGE 4:

On this twelfth day of Christmas,  
on this day of the many Magi,  
I offer these my gifts to you  
whom I love and remember so well

The sun is the symbol of full glory,  
yet it is dressed in simplicity;  
the stars are pinpoints of certitude,  
yet they are compendia of mysteries;  
the soul faces nature's complexities  
and so learns of its own singleness.

A country child at a city fair,  
I grow familiar with the veiled  
and marvel most at the ordinary,  
finding my poetry in the prose of others

PAGE 5:

So many have been my faiths,  
born of the immensity  
of the soul's sea  
and bred of the intensity  
of life's sol  
but blown on the winds  
of my wishes and wons.

So few have been my faiths  
but each carried the burden of faith  
and each has born me,  
been my bread,  
and each shall still  
give constancy of Will.

PAGE 6:

It is almost autumn's end  
and I wonder at winter's coming.

If nature were not sighing so  
over her spring beauty having fled  
nor draining her summer strength  
in dust filled daydream,  
so many of her children  
would not now slip away  
in a rainbow of death.

But it brings to me  
all the wonder of winter  
who went away self aware -  
he could not face resurrected life  
which insists so on dying  
but persists so in being undead.

Come, friend,  
we will wonder  
at winter's coming  
and be wondrously one.

PAGE 7:

God's part of the dark  
is the dawning;  
his part of the day  
is the dusk.

When night falls  
fall I;  
at sunrise  
yearn I  
for night suns  
and day stars.

I never knew light  
till I and the fall drove by  
glared off corn tassels.

Aire de oro  
un cielo sin el sol  
noche con luna.

PAGE 8:

Virgin mother of our God,  
whose presence transcends all the world  
is housed within your womb,  
Son of God become your son.

All the world is purged of sin  
as God's true Word upon us dawns,  
while giving birth to light  
virgin undefiled are you.

All the church has called to you,  
a mother mindful, caring, kind,  
supply your children's needs;  
bless us, you most blest of God.

Great the glory owed to God,  
The Father ever glorious,  
his Son of glory, Christ,  
and the Spirit glorious.

Amen.

PAGE 9:

Simultaneously  
I touch two worlds

with one hand  
firmly affixed  
in the family  
of the dispossessed

and the other  
among the familial.

My good fortune  
is unabated surely;  
in the prime of my pain  
I am a poet.

PAGE 10:

This is the hour of the ocean  
and the one moment of mankind,  
when wind and rain rejoice  
- and why wouldn't they?  
while rejoicers are weepers  
and railers and wailers  
who have sown their sorrows  
and reaped their weeping  
and sown their weeping  
and reaped their wretchedness  
and have sown their wretchedness  
and reaped a breadless wheat.

As the ocean heaves its breast  
and flays the far flung shores,  
each measured moment breaks -  
its might become a mass of minutiae  
foam and froth and fading fury  
salt seasoned droplets of air;  
and mankind crumples  
like an abandoned sand castle,  
leveled and tossed and tumbled,  
torn between two inertias

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PAGE 11:

of an ocean absorbed identity  
and a shore sunk subsistence.

This then is the hour of the ocean  
and the one moment of mankind  
and at this point  
a poem is most appropriate.

Bare tree and grey sky:  
the promise of winter rain.  
Our love shall see spring.

God-painted sunsets:  
a whole pallet of cloud colors.  
He smudged some edges.

PAGE 12:

There is something special  
about Christmas in the City  
which makes the happy happier  
and leaves the lonely to be lonelier.

The streets we travel  
are breeze blown  
but the alleys we wander  
are wind swept.

There is the turkey-ham-roast dinner  
to leave us as well fed as most;  
for us though there is the dinner  
which says we have few -  
and no place to eat them.

But we should be grateful  
both for and to  
those others of us  
who make our day.

We feel so good in being so good  
to them today -  
and to their children  
we can give those tiresome toys  
otherwise thrown to  
unappreciative trash cans.

PAGE 13:

The sea behind the City  
was set on fire  
and we watched the smoke  
smother bridge and hill;  
even Alcatraz could only  
sit amazed, blinking  
at the momentary marvel  
renewed the millionth time.

We walked city-walkways,  
threading our way  
between standers & idlers,  
unseeking seekers,  
the sought, and solitary  
and companioned walkers -  
weaving with our wandering  
fabric of memory.

We treasure the wonder  
of our island watch;  
yet what is the wonder  
of a sea set on fire  
about the craggy skirts  
of this water-wound City  
when oneself is wrapped once more  
in its pulsing warmth?

PAGE 14:

It's true that wine  
is very fine  
and homemade bread  
leaves you well fed.

A thick red steak  
big muscles make  
and nice fresh greens  
will help your spleen.

If milk is drunk  
the bones won't shrunk  
and after dessert  
it's time to flirt.

But when they're all et  
the mostest is yet,  
for currant jelly  
is best for the belly.

Words hide behind the brushwood  
of my soul's bashfulness.  
And would you not blush also  
when faced with stillborn inspirations?

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PAGE 15:

Eternity ticks away within a breast  
hardly broad enough for piercing as yet,  
while time whirls beyond its measurement  
but well within its barrier.

Man escapes the gravity of his earth,  
and cannot I that of my barren horizons?  
and not banter about baneful triviality  
to slough off embarrassment?

Why should he disquietly insist so  
on inviting me beyond non-barrier?  
How precipitous the climb to our own level!  
how hazardous to brave only openness!

I would rather borrow words -  
but he is brash, having but a Word,  
and would brush aside my excuses  
with yet another annunciation.



PAGE 16:

Echoes through the chambers of charity  
are memories of New Year long ago.

But not so long ago when we met  
and memory began and promises were buds.

Echoes against the barrier of despair  
is remembrance of old events so recent

yet not so recently the parting  
which is ever a scar renewed within me.

PAGE 17:

The waters shiver  
in the frigid winter wind.

We wander as strangers  
through this world chilling  
kind words which hang  
icicled on quavering lips.

The heart's kindness,  
womb killed by saline selfishness,  
will rot come spring  
when waters sigh  
with warmth of South wind.

PAGE 18:

Enlighten my soul;  
dispel the long loved dark;  
lift the sin-cast shadow  
from my heart;  
in your Son cleanse me.

Zechariah doubted  
an angel-word  
and dumb he stood beneath  
your reprovng sword;  
but spared am I?

Every darkening doubt  
spoke my deeds -  
the cross' rule, the grail,  
your grace-seed  
have I scorned.

In conscience damned,  
in grace absolved stand I.  
Lost now found,  
astray now home am I,  
outcast by choice no more.

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PAGE 19:

Visit me -  
renew that birth divine.  
Elizabeth's grateful wonder  
shall be mine:  
your now rejoices my past

Over my future course  
of life please reign;  
under your ruling love  
I shall remain,  
in faith with humble hope

Amen.

The month is April.  
"Today is Christmas,"  
say Christmas lights  
half-burnt out.

PAGE 20:

somewhere beyond the sunset  
is an unsung song

my heart forever belongs  
beyond all sunsets

somewhere between the earth  
and the farthest star

lies a wordless poem and i  
am a poet without words